

Overflow

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Summary: My Inuyasha based fics I took down or had ideas for that I never completed. More will be added as I find them or think on them. I will keep them titled so you can catch up. Mostly Kagome based.

## 1. Hojo Taijiya

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Kagome/Hojo. Really. XD

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How many times had she thought Hojo was boring? Dull? Stupid? Denser then the concrete crumbling beneath the cities?

Um. Constantly.

However as he glared at her, his brown eyes and hair over now angular mature features didn't seem so average. It was a mask, she knew that now. His silliness, his petulant whining to take care of her.

Who would have thought her annoying school mate was actually a demonslayer?

That his constant studying of herbs to help with her ailments had led him to learn of the poisons and treatments of old and to learn to train his body for it.

That he was apparently descended from the eastern Taijiya clan Sango had spoken of once or twice, known for being deceptive and often ninja. That he was -employed- by Sesshomaru now!

Her Hojo.

It had a nice ring to it.

Hojo pulled her close, shielding her eyes from the bright glare as he threw a small weapon etched with holy kanji at the last demon there, cradling her bleeding form and huffed.

"I think I liked it better when you were faking getting injured."

Kagome laughed then, and gave him a breathtaking smile. "I think Hojo..after um, we are both cleaned up..it's time for that dinner date...we have a lot to talk about..."

Like that demons were in her time, kept under control, with Taijiya like him...and that she was a miko, thought to be extinct.

This could be a -beautiful- partnership.

## 2. Hell and Handbasket

WD: this just popped into my head and wouldn't let go.  
Enjoy.

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It was foolish of course to think that something so simple as "Shikon, Dissapear" would work.

So very foolish and I knew it from the moment I uttered it. Perhaps, so too did my beloved Hanyou though he said nothing as he stood beside me in the darkness of the jewel. I know Naraku did, I could hear his laughter from somewhere deep in my soul. Perhaps ...in it's own twisted sense that is what let me be so calm in that moment and after..

That was the end of our Feudal Fairytale, and the beginning of my descent into the shadows and his journey to the light.

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The scratch of the quill hissed across the tanned leather as the last of the ink dried up, leaving the owner to sigh softly and look up at the sky, her dark purple eyes squinting. There wasn't much daylight left so this was a fine time to stop her musing for the day. She'd decided after all this time that she wished to have a sort of glamourized journal of her past, so she wouldn't forget it but that also so that no one would know who wrote it. The original tale was told, and just now after so many years was she getting the nerve to write the events that came after. Rubbing her eyes and yawning slightly, it was no surprise to her when her twin stepped beside her, a hand running through her thick wavy locks.

"Time to come in, Kagome." She felt the kiss through the sheer magnitude of his aura weaving through the air as he knelt to kiss a strand of hair curled around his fingers. Her twin was quite affectionate to her.

"All right, Naraku." Kagome smiled, leaning back on her haunches enough to look up into a pair of violet eyes that were tinged with

vermillion. There was darkness in Naraku, twisted and foul, but there was also something else. His features were softer then before, a little more rounded, a little less feminine and unworldly and somehow made him all the more handsome.

At the same time Kagome's features were angular now, her hair far longer and with a blue hue all the more apparent as if it was twilight itself in the tangles about her shoulders. Her eyes had darkened to a blue violet, their eyes and features having met in the middle with only a hint of who they had been separately.

"What are you thinking of, Kagome?" Naraku gave up on making her go inside and sat beside her, reading over her scratchings with a slight nod at the delicate penmanship.

"Continuing."

"I thought it best to start at -our- beginning." Kagome leaned into him. She was safe with Naraku. He was a twisted and usually heartless bastard, but she was too trusting and giving. He craved affection and security and she needed protection and to care for others. He hurt others for he had been hurt, shamed, forced to claw his way for everything and then at the first glimpse of elysian paradise turned to hell he decided to sail the tide as best he could, refusing to settle and instead strive for everything. He'd become the greatest threat to all of Japan.

Kagome helped for she didn't know what else to do on this shocking exciting journey. She had infatuation, friends, a life where she was actually somebody not just slaving under the expectations of school and a someday motherhood. She'd then seen so much her eyes could not and her powers and sense of honor and duty demanded she continue, she couldn't abandon those she adored..and it often meant her own life was at risk.

They'd both been jilted by those they loved, would have done anything for. Naraku's story was well known, for had Kikiyou smiled and given affection even when brought back from the grave perhaps things would have been different. Had Inuyasha not been so new to affairs of the heart perhaps he would have realized Kagome could never be just the next love and that it wouldn't require as much if not more work.

Perhaps, perhaps.

Kagome had gotten her happily ever after. The jewel done, her love won, her friends mend and wed and parents..they'd all gone their ways and she'd settled in for a life as the village miko.

And hated it.

She was a modern woman and as a wandering warrior there were certain rights and things she could have as if she'd been in the future, she'd never wandered alone though and had not considered how many liberties she'd been given because of having Miroku, and yes Inuyasha though people spat about his being halfbreed he was still -male-.

Once considered pledged to Inuyasha she was supposed to become a good little wife and stay home, let him do the journeys, win the rice and

coin, the only excitement she had was a injury to heal or a child to tend to for others. They'd gotten not far in their courtships. Inuyasha had been away with Miroku gathering supplies for his newly pregnant again wife that Kagome had seen Inuyasha only a scant few weeks a year as they traveled so far.

She'd soon found talking back to a man got her glares, speaking her mind got whispers..even in Edo. She was pledged to a man now she was supposed to become his ever loving ever caring never questioning hearth priestess.

It had all but driven her mad.

Then she'd snapped..as cold final understanding of why Kikiyou would have welcomed Inuyasha as at least he liked fire and conversation in a woman came, why married to a man would at least take away the scorn..

And why it was impossible for Kagome. She found the Inuyasha she grew to know outside of so many situations where they were forced to aid each other a sweet kind in his own way gruff male..but not to her liking. She'd done the unthinkable and called off the relationship.

It had been a relief and he'd confessed then it was why he was staying away so much.

He wanted a good little wife.

No surprise, he wanted Kikiyou.

Oh they stayed friends but Kagome couldn't handle the rumors that they'd done more then held hands. She'd not even kissed him again since returning from her time!

"Stop thinking of him." Naraku's voice was bitter and possessive, and rather then scaring Kagome it made her laugh and relax into his side.

"Sorry. I was being reminded why I'm so happy here."

"Hn." Naraku couldn't deny that. He'd come to wakefulness as a sort of quasi spirit, before the gods. It had been most terrifying and he'd been unable to look at them, finally sensing what true power was. He was Tsukiyomi to Kagome's Amaretsu, they balanced each other. He'd not really been surprised the infuriating little priestess was the high queen of the heaven's favored human.

What he hadn't expected was the offer at a second chance at life if he would be there for her in a way that far surpassed mating. He'd agreed simply to get out of hell, never expecting that the little priestess when brought before them had considered it for a long time before being brave enough to actually meet Amaretsu's eyes to see what the goddess may be thinking and ask what would be best for everyone.

The gasp and utter silence at her questioning had made an impact. Naraku knew he had gasped as well, but he hadn't expected it of the heavenly court. This tiny little female was so selfless it actually made him look at her completely different. She was his opposite. He

took, she gave. He hated, she loved. She'd never hunted him down because of hatred but because he was hurting others. It was...strange.

Amaretsu had kissed Kagome on her forehead, explaining that they would be sent back down as hanyou twins with a few twists they would learn on their own. They could keep their name as they would go to a far distant island.

No more had been told, and they'd been each granted a request. Naraku had asked for all they would need to be on the island, getting a smirk from the various warriors there as he detailed exact commands for an army, a fortress, supplies so they wouldn't constantly hunt for survival..it had been to his mind all with the idea of long term preparedness. They weren't going for pleasure so he wanted to be ready.

Kagome however had surprised him with perhaps more cunning then he could have ever guessed. She asked for a future boon, one to not be redeemed yet. There had been another strange silence as it weighed on them that a little mortal could ask of the gods at any time, whatever desired..but they gave it. It told Naraku this was indeed serious and he'd been surprised at the intelligence behind the move. It complimented his own.

They'd then found themselves on a large island, a sort of paradise that took a few days travel even at full speed to get very far. Kagome had remarked at one point it was like Hawaii not that Naraku knew what she meant. There was an abundance of food and the temperature was rather pleasant during most the months however, with plenty of hot springs during the winter. The melding of their looks had been a bit of relief to both once they were comfortable talking. No one would recognize them.

Actually the fact Kagome had laid down the law immediately and told him they were twins now and she wanted to not forget the past but figure out how they could best work together had startled him. That she'd actually sat down and they'd both discussed things they could not tolerate and what they could..and then divided duties so efficiently also surprised him. He wasn't surprised the priestess had a problem with torture and violence but she had said if he had reasonable cause and it wasn't children or innocents she would hear him out. In return he got her full agreement on not torturing the people around them unless they needed, he didn't have Kagura to animate corpses and they needed the people to not fear them to the point of an uprising but Kagome did understand enough fear was needed that they wouldn't try to kill them off either.

The second surprise came when Kagome had insisted he train her as she had no experience as a hanyou. It had been rough and slow, not just because she was still prone to being clumsy but as they had no idea what sort of Hanyou they were now. Spider was out as that would be too much a give away, it wasn't any other form of insect either that they could tell, or reptile.

Three years into life together and having otherwise settled in they found out something else however. Kagome did lament the loss of her miko powers, and seemed to have no special gifts beyond the regular as a hanyou..however when she had been determined passionately to charge her arrows as she once had, and Naraku had been there..also

wishing to see it happen..it did.

The stunned silence between the twins was even greater when Kagome realized her senses were dull and looked down to unclawed hands..and when glancing over saw Naraku, darker in color than ever to the point his eyes were black and his skin a dark brown...his hair even longer with his aura far greater.

It had only taken a few moments for the stunned pair to be touching the other's hands, face, in wonder. This was a gift.

It had worked the other way too.

Naraku became a handsome form as the lord he'd taken over but with the changes to his eyes when human and had no powers at all aside his mind..which did seem to become far more capable and cunning. Kagome became a lithe form in silver hued skin, nearly white eyes and her hair also grew..a few shades lighter to a blue like color but still unmistakably dark enough to be black. Her aura also twisted to be a full youkai.

The implications were staggering. If they both tried they could switch off..both hanyou, or one human and one youkai. However they discovered the innate ability to tell where the other was, much like Kagome and Naraku had once felt the shards of the shikon, transferred to finding each other when both hanyou. It made for a clever twist..one Naraku's impossibly genius mind as a human to figure out how to exploit. They could sign.

Minute movements of the body were easy to detect by their sense of the other, even behind walls as long as they were within about thirty feet. At first Naraku tried to come up with a few gestures but Kagome had managed to explain sign language to him, even though she could only remember a few symbols from when it was a fad at her school. Naraku developed it from there.

Really it was a good thing he wasn't that level of brilliant when she was his enemy, his brain was so incredible complex when human..and only to that degree when human, she half suspected he had latent psychic abilities but had no idea how to explain the idea of esp or telekinesis without it being magic. Sometimes the past confused her.

Kagome was still fairly weak in youkai form, but Naraku was nothing if not skilled in avoidance, and began to drill and train her in ways to use your opponents attacks against them so that an issue of strength would never decide if she lived or died.

All in all...nearly a decade together and they felt as close if not closer than any twins born from the start together. They cared for each other, they were loyal, they understood the quirks of the other and there was an unconditional acceptance.

It was why neither wanted to see those of the past...how could they explain to anyone who had once known them? All of Japan would attack Naraku then, all of Kagome's once allies would turn on her. Certainly the priests and monks who had once been in a fury over her mere consorting with youkai who aided humans would never understand.

It was also why, as Naraku looked down at the slumbering form of his

now beloved best friend and sister he felt such a strange thudding in his chest. This happiness, this peace, was so alien to him..even all these years later he was terrified that he would lose it. He'd gladly give up the power he'd once had for the mere unyielding and undemanding loyalty of his sister. In truth he'd never really known what it meant to be loved, to be cherished, to be defended even in a childish argument.

Was it any wonder then that in his own obsessive fashion he'd become so very protective of Kagome and her precious freedoms? The things she loved, he now loved. The things that made her cringe amused him when it was spiders or mud but drove him near to madness when it was someone's careless word. He feared for her as a human, he elated in her protective nature when he was human..

He'd wished for power and the world once..so no one could hurt him again.

He'd gained and lost it all..only to have the most precious treasure in his grasp and sleeping against him. The light to his shadow, he'd tarnished it a little..but she was teaching him how to bring the occasional smile to another. If he could only ever truly make her smile to the point she giggled uncontrollably he'd be content. Whatever the gods wanted, they could have done..as long as he could keep this small peace he'd found.

Where hell and it's handbasket dwelled.

### 3. Hell and Handbasket 2

Some time after spring had been fully established Kagome leaned back and into the warmth of her favorite chair. She'd found lately her senses were on edge when she had taken to her human form. Naraku had not felt anything in any of their forms, and was instead always hovering around her to try and keep her calm.

It was such a funny thought sometimes when she recalled what bitter enemies they had been. All along he just was alone, twisted through fate. He'd confided in her that his childhood had basically been over when his family threw him out, unable to feed him. He'd started with stealing food, then learned stealing valuables could be traded for more food. The path of greed had started then but it was really that basic need that all living beings had, the need to be certain one would be safe, warm, and fed.

That it had gone wrong, he'd been forced to kill or be killed..well she'd seen it herself what war and fighting could do to humans. It was sometimes harder for them with their advanced thoughts then it was for youkai who were so like animals..she could appreciate that now. When in her youkai form everything was power. It was a constant game of if you could out maneuver another, if you had the right to do so. If she thought too long or hard it made her head hurt.

"Hush." A gentle kiss on her forehead and Kagome relaxed with a soft smile up at Naraku. He was wonderful to her. Like a little girl she pulled him into the chair to cuddle beside, clingy as ever and enjoying the way he chuckled and began to stroke her hair as they both watched the fire.

However it was her next words that made Naraku narrow his eyes and hiss.

"I wonder how they are doing.."

#### 4. Perverted Mutt

I have no clue. Yes it's Harry Potter inspired.  
Enjoy.

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Kagome looked over with a single eyebrow up in the air. Yep. She was crazy. Either that or there really was a big black shaggy dog following her while she visited Yuka in London. Why exactly?..

Eh. She smelled good?..

Well at least so the inu she knew had always said, before the well closed and all..shrugging Kagome skipped back down towards the book shop she'd found before. It was a marvelous place, complete with a little cafe and while she felt the British knew nothing about good tea..well it was better then most places that was for certain. Besides it had a strange tingle about it..

And she was still being followed.

By the big black dog.

That no one else saw.

Sighing Kagome found herself a little corner, and a strange book called Hogwarts A History. Well it was completely bonkers but Kagome loved a little fiction..and who knew what these legends were based on?..perhaps there was some truth to them as the watered down versions of her own tale existed these days. Though really, her as a warrior miko? Her friends were all uber powerful dieties and such?..Genji had never seemed so boring as after she saw herself described as a celestial maiden and Sango as a demi-goddess, Miroku as a powerful warrior..come on he'd been a monk..it got weirder after that really.

A sudden lick to her ankle made Kagome's eyes go wide as she stared at..

The big black dog, who was looking up her skirt?

"Echhi..." With a sigh Kagome bapped him on the nose and rolled her eyes. "Hentai Inu.." She turned away to go find a new book, away from the dog that was in the store..and why wasn't anyone noticing? Kagome never saw the love struck expression on the dog's face or she'd realize he was certainly not just a canine. One who was utterly captivated that the woman in the plain black turtleneck and red knee length skirt was wearing a lace black thong.

Oh yes, finding a way out of his Animagus form now that the war was over was suddenly second to finding out if the rest of the delectable foreigners knickers matched her current pair..he hadn't much else to do since getting out of the veil and being stuck in his fur.



Scheming, Padfoot started off after his prey.

Somewhere in Heaven Inuyasha and Miroku had their jaws dropped as Sesshomaru actually asked if they'd somehow produced offspring together...

## 5. Horse Boy 2

I have desperately tried to find the first part of this. It was called Horse Boy and essentially Kagome managed to embarrass and befuddle Neiji to the point he followed her home for a drink. It stands well enough (ironically seems like a serious story) by itself though so here you are.

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Neiji had to admit, when he came in for a drink with Kagome he hadn't expected..well he wasn't sure what he wanted. Just that for the first time he was being treated like a male honestly, and though the petite civilian eyed him and found him attractive she made no moves on his person. No she'd gotten out another glass, filled it with cognac and settled in to swirl it and sip it occasionally, visibly relaxing each time.

"It's meant to be savored..not stared at." Kagome's eyes were closed, yet Neiji took the prompt for what it was, taking a tentative sip of the foreign beverage which was not unlike sake in the texture and residual burn.

His eyes glanced about the house, typical of a ninja in wishing to know his surroundings and found himself surprised. He had expected...feminine. Perhaps the trend to the austere traditional but still feminine. What he saw instead was...

Primitive. There was no other way to put it. Oh there were the usual amenities but he noticed after he came in that Kagome had fumbled finding the light switch and that the candles were all still slightly smoking and at varying widths showing she used those generally instead. There were scrolls and books packed along the wall's only area for a bookcase. There were a few simple pots and pans and a single burner on a very old stove. From various beams in the roof hung drying plants in paper bags with slits cut for aeration. He had no idea what to think at this point. This was not at all what he expected, if not for the few modern amenities he would have sworn he had stepped back in time.

"You could ask." Kagome cut in verbally, her eyes still closed, relaxed as if he wasn't piecing apart her personality by blatantly staring around.

"It is rare I can do so."

Kagome laughed at his admission, it was a strange half strangled sound as it was startled out of her but he was rewarded with a single blue eye opening. "Then shouldn't you take advantage of it seeing as what you think you see may not be what you see?"

Neiji set his glass down, steepling his fingers before him and leaning forward. "You seem to be interested in the old ways, you

prefer candles to the lights, you don't care about comforts and it makes me think you truly make nothing at your job except I have heard you do well..so you have to draw a decent pay."

"Sometimes...the oldest of ways are the most comfortable. For those who remember the reasoning." Kagome slowly sat up, her hair falling around her face like she had just awakened and fixed him with a calm expression, those eyes of hers always so guarded. "The bright lights damage my sensitivity to the light, many of my books and scrolls are fragile, the plants themselves do best in a darker environment and I am comfortable with the candles..they comfort me." She shrugged a bit and took another sip of her drink before continuing, her words making Neiji all the more aware that his assumptions all this time on the tiny medical assistant ...seemed to hold no basis at all.

"One doesn't need much to be comfortable. Usually possessions are distractions for those who are not comfortable with themselves." Kagome left it at that as she stood, fluid in her motions as she went to turn off the light and Neiji out of courtesy did not activate his bloodline limit. His ears were able to hear her clothing rustle as she moved and struck the match to light the first candle. Her feet he noticed, made as little sound as a ninjas. Curious.

"As for my pay..it is more than sufficient. I see no reason to squander it however, so much goes to be put away until another day and the rest goes where I feel a need to spend it." There was a sudden tiredness to Kagome's voice, that deep weariness of one who lives in a world so fluid they long to just know what the next day brings. Neiji didn't even realize he was responding to that tone until he was standing before her. He blamed the candle light for making her deep blue eyes so dark and full of mystery, her earlier words for tempting him. Once his hand slipped to her delicate throat to cup the back of her head and his lips slanted over hers he stopped blaming though..

Kagome tasted of cognac and forbidden actions outside of one who would someday be chosen as his wife. Her arms were around him without hesitation though there was a slight shyness that said despite her bravado she was not so experienced with a man he need wonder for even a moment what he was getting into. Soft sounds were made as he trailed his other hand along her side to grasp her hip and then her lips were torn from his as she panted soft puffs against his mouth, catching her breath.

Neiji went to speak but her fingers gently pressed against his lips, a silent promise for no words of this encounter outside of the evening should he continue, or walk away..

Neiji flicked a kunai out and sliced the wick of the candle plunging them into darkness even as he slanted his mouth over hers again.

## 6. Amazons pt 2

I had a fantastic subtle smutty Yuyu/Inuyasha story that I have sadly seemed to have lost. It was essentially Kagome and many of the other Inuyasha females as Amazons, Kagome essentially pulled Youko Kurama's own stunt on him and then just left. I have this small write up of what was to be the sequel.

Five months. It had been five months since Youko Kurama had been captive to a wild miko's pleasures as she turned him into little more than her plaything and left him. He'd even taken to being in the same areas as last time, half hoping for a repeat of the event and half to capture the lithe little female and teach her what it was like to be on the receiving end of such torture.

They had a few names to go on, she'd called out for some of the other women but no last names and they had all been common. The closest he could come to was old stories and myths of the amazons but no reliable sources had been found in his library collection, which begged a visit to the more extensive one he knew of.

"Miss Kagome!" Rin giggled and ran after Kagome, throwing her arms around her with a happy smile. Kagome easily snuggled into the embrace, her hand ruffling Rin's hair as she gave her one of her famous gentle smiles.

"Rin did great..but Rin is ready to go home to Sesshomaru-sama." Rin smiled, adorable in her short tunic and breeches that all the children, male and female, wore when in the village. Kagome just nodded, scooping Rin up onto her hip and starting towards the exit. Rin wouldn't have come to get her unless she was truly ready and packed to leave. Kagome had promised to personally take her home, as otherwise there was a giant escort sent and they really preferred to keep the location of their home secret.

Rin giggled at that as she always did, Kagome winking for the impersonation had been done on purpose. Whatever Rin had meant to ask was forgotten as she wrapped her small arms around Kagome's neck and sighed happily. Rin was ward to Sesshomaru..but she was also Kagome's daughter. Kikyou would also be going with her to see the inu hanyou she was fond of and considering a real relationship with outside of the ruts that took place on the hunts. Kagome snapped her aura out, lightly thwapping Kikyou with it so she would know it was time to leave.

Kagome was not the patient sort, and neither was Rin as a consequence. Though it didn't take the girls long to be on their horses, the shoes enchanted for running like the wind without sound and careful youkai breeding to create warhorses that kings would have killed for. They wore thick cloaks that hid them from prying eyes and before long Rin was asleep, her head resting on Kagome's shoulder as the amazon held the child before her. She would sleep as always until

they were out of amazon lands, Kagome loving her child, but still refusing to risk any knowledge to cause one to seek Rin out in the later years. Unless Rin decided to forsake the life of a woman of the courts and become an amazon, she would never know how to reach her mother's village.

It was a long ride under the full moon, Kikiyou and Kagome had no need of words as they traveled, stopping only to let the horses drink and to snack upon some rations they had with them. Rin remained asleep aside from one time she needed water. It was better that way, as the two amazon's preferred to simply live in the moment and the events that would await them in the west would keep them busy. Neither liked to be tied down, yet both had stubborn dogs to deal with soon.

Finally when morning was just a few hours off the horses began to slow, the west surrounding them with the thrum of a certain powerful inuyoukai's energy that was a low snarling warning. Kagome however did not react as Kikiyou and the others would. The youki set off a coil in her abdomen a familiar warmth and a shiver along her spine. This youki was familiar, seductive..

She chuckled and decided to mess with the powerful daiyoukai a little and sent a thrum of her own power along his claim on the land. Though she would not get a response until they arrived, she did so love to tease the powerful silver inu...

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## 7. If you would just listen 1

WD: Okay this is a teaser opening chapter dedicated to Lady Cash. There will be more to this story but slowly as I'm still evolving the ideas. It was her request for a Kag/Inu fic with him being more mature and with the youkai. It was that that spilled out this conversation and I have many many evil ideas to come.

Inuyasha smiled softly at the shocked miko in front of him completely at ease in the small cafe. "See, Kagome...After about another fifty years, well my human blood died. I'm I think the first Hanyou to ever live that long. No one knew..I'm pure youkai now." He shrugged. "Well, sort of. Apparently the human night never really goes away but Sesshomaru teases me a lot less for it now. He's still an ass."

It was with that word that Kagome realized in shock how much Inuyasha had changed and matured. More then the casual suit, more then the tidy hair cut and actual manners..he wasn't really swearing.

Kagome suddenly felt very childish next to this beautiful and mature youkai.

Five hundred years had passed for Inuyasha. Five weeks for Kagome.

Everything that had made her so unique and special in the feudal era-her intelligence, her compassion, her adaptability-had become common. Everything save her miko powers which were no longer needed.

Kagome was now just another teenage girl.

Inuyasha by comparison was a handsome man, a full youkai, who looked in his late twenties and was as polished and classy as his brother had been.

She didn't stand a chance.

## 8. Naruto - breasts

Naruto's eyes stared down, down, down...in absolute stunned silence.

Breasts.

Full, beautiful luscious and bouncy..peeking out from the cloth as though they were just begging to be nipped at and have a tongue work over them for hours. They were the most magnificent pair he had ever seen, pert and riding impossibly high but not so large as to cause discomfort for the back either.

No these were perfect, his hands trembling a little as he cupped them, testing one tight nub with his thumb in a quick flicking motion to see if it truly was as sensitive as it seemed.

His.

"AAAAAAH!"

Far away Kagome smirked as she tied her hair up to go practice her archery. Really if he wanted to insist on paying fleshy mounds so much attention when she had better things to do he could just keep the pair she put on him. Not all miko's had painful ways of making Youkai pay.

## 9. Under a silver sky

Found a lost one! Kag/Sesshomaru. Wow. This was...nine years ago.

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It was a night like this without moon or stars.

A thick layer of clouds hung upon the sky keeping those celestial beings from my view. Instead a silver fog seemed to blanket the sky with a magical sheen.

Was it sheer stupidity that eve that I went out from the camp to think on the past?

Or was it some foretelling of fate? A whisper against my senses that carried me forth as it has so many times before.

I'm no longer a teenager but a woman grown. No more am I mistaken for my previous life as Kikiyo, I have made my own legend. Clad in a fighting kimono with my hair falling about me loose I thought nothing

as I took a small dagger to join the bow and arrows I always have.

Sango was a harsh teacher and she insisted in our years after the close calls with Naraku I learn something. My innate clumsiness insisted only a dagger or my own hands would be safe. Still against -him- they were useless.

He was watching me for some time I believe as I regarded the silver sky.

He smirked when I caught my breath not from his aura-nay by this time I was well used to his presence-but the beauty of Him under the sky.

Why do they call the moon a goddess when her form could not possibly compare to His beauty under that shimmering blanket casting a diffused light.

Sesshomaru.

We stood there for the length and breath of the nightingales song. I do not know which of us took the step forward, it was to talk I presume. We often talked, he is one of the only ones whom I can speak advanced subjects with. I miss my time in the modern era since the well closed.

Yet when this moon born lord is before me I never do think of my era despite the fact that our talks are peppered with ideas I learned then.

All I can think of is him.

Arrogant that he is, he knows and loves that my mind whilst discussing the way light refracts or comparing philosophies of the youkai and human religions is ever on him.

It was Sesshomaru who taught me caution with others, my cheerful trusting nature tempered by sense until my abilities at discerning ones intentions can rival his nose for lies.

Sesshomaru is the one who convinced me that my knowledge of the future could be used to save the Youkai race and help prepare them for the blending in that would be necessary. To counter the rising dangers of the human adaptability.

I think despite all he taught me, and the list is ever growing longer, Sesshomaru is most content with one thing however.

Sesshomaru, the great lord of the west, taught me what it means to feel cherished.

On a night much like this one he came to me as we spoke. When he left it was with the barest caress to my hand that was suddenly holding a delicate comb.

The next time my arm was draped with a bracelet of silver and topaz that reminded me of his eyes.

My shoulder he lingered on, after a long evening of speaking on the subject of time. His eyes were unusually dark then. I was not terribly surprised at the warm haori left about them. It was becoming winter.

Three times more did he visit me before the next gift, never providing an answer and expecting me to never question.

Something told me not to. Something that declared these moments and gifts sacred.

When he touched those deadly claws to my neck his eyes were molten. I remember smiling, leaning into his touch slightly before he vanished. A glittering pendant of jade about my neck.

My cheek was the first time since this started he touched me without leaving a gift. Instead he and I took pleasure in the pads of his fingers and thumb stroking my face. I remember closing my eyes and sighing happily.

The next time he appeared for some reason I had made certain I was in everything given so far. It was unspoken, he wanted to see his gifts on me. I wanted to show them.

The look in his suddenly unguarded eyes for even a moment was worth it.

I finally realized his eyes were always guarded with me even during our talks. Sesshomaru was afraid. Afraid of a slip of a woman who might hurt him.

He was afraid of this acceptance we had come to.

I was a miko and he was a demon.

I was a human and he an Inu.

We would both live forever, he by his blood and myself from the Shikon.

For the first time he did not come to speak with me on our usual subjects. Instead Sesshomaru stood before me and I was reminded that despite his hundreds of years, the Taiyoukai was still little more than a teen in demon years himself.

"This Sesshomaru will kiss you."

He was so shy in his own way, and I knew how hard those words were.

"Sesshomaru, you have never needed to ask."

I do not know when we became more than friends. I do know that from the moment he left the comb I was fully aware of his intentions.

It was the sweetest kiss of my life. Never before had it occurred to me that he would have not kissed another, dogs do not kiss. Sesshomaru never had a reason to.

That was his way of asking for my hand, but he knew he always had it

since that night under the silver sky.

It was just his way.

As it was mine to understand and take his heart into my keeping whilst I gave him mine.

Under such a night as this, I learned passion.

"Come."

He holds out his hand to me, and as always I go. My secret. My lover and beloved.

For the length of the nightingales song.

## 10. Just Listen 2

CatLover260...very smart. XD I love it when people read between the lines.

It was raining.

Soft and beautiful rain hit Kagome's form as she stood surrounded by her friends in the feudal era. Her fingers clutched the pink jewel that was glowing ever so softly before she looked at those she considered like a family. They'd already said their goodbyes earlier, well aware that perhaps, just perhaps, this time Kagome wouldn't make it through the well in one way or another.

Inuyasha pulled her into a hug suddenly, ignoring his blush and the way his ears flattened. "Be careful okay?"

"Inuyasha.."

"I'll find you! So keep alive all right?!"

Kagome laughed softly at her hanyou's fierce words before smiling. "Okay." She'd given them warnings that he had promised to heed. Such as to be away from a place called Hiroshima..and not to share the information she gave with any he didn't trust completely. Kagome just couldn't help the selfishness of keeping those she cared for alive when she had information for it.

"Take care of them."

"Take care of yourself for once Wench." Inuyasha harumphed then and backed off as Kagome smiled and waved before falling into the well once last time.

Inuyasha stared down into the depths for hours, long past when the others returned to shelter from the rain. In his hands he held the rosary Kagome had removed from him. Sesshomaru had reassured him that his hanyou blood because of their sire wouldn't allow him to die before he had the chance of meeting Kagome again. Whether or not he'd be a wrinkled copy of Totosai he didn't know. Sighing the hanyou shoved his hands in his sleeves before taking off to swallow his pride and get help from the only demon he knew who could now help him.



Sesshomaru was gonna finally play big brother. In Youkai fashion.

It would be a long 500 years.

"Feh! Move it already ya fuckin-OW! What the Hell OW! Sesshomaru!" Every time that Inuyasha swore, Sesshomaru was flicking his whip at his delicate ears. The healers had already had to step in a few times over the past week and aid his naturally swift regeneration due to a lack of hearing whatsoever. Somehow, Sesshomaru was determined to break Inuyasha of his unconscious swearing habit.

"Once again, little brother. Need I remind you that such language is not fitting for one related to this Sesshomaru?"

"Feh." Inuyasha glared at him and then kicked Jaken across the room to vent his anger. It was one thing Sesshomaru didn't scold him for. Actually they seemed to have a running tally of who had punted the toad youkai the farthest. Sighing Inuyasha finally slumped down in his chair and went to grab his chopsticks to eat.

-Fwip-

"OW! What the He..I mean what was that for?!" Inuyasha grumped and shook his hand with a wince. Sesshomaru really had to be getting off on this or something. What did Kagome call it? Sadistic foreplay or what not?

"You do not begin to eat before the highest ranking lord at the table. Which would be this Sesshomaru."

Inuyasha managed somehow to ignore the growling of his stomach. This was after all the third such reminder he'd gotten this day. Not to mention all the times this week, it just wasn't able to stick in his head when dealing with his ravenous appetite.

Then again he was convinced Sesshomaru was more then content to let the food go completely cold before allowing Inuyasha to have a moment without discomfort. Not that the hanyou could really complain. Aside from the whip and arrogance Sesshomaru had been almost understanding. Besides, it kept Inuyasha distracted so he didn't focus too much on how much he missed Kagome.

>"So when are you gonna eat then, Sesshomaru?" He still refused, flat out, to give his brother any honorific. Then again all he was referred to was hanyou or little brother and not by name so maybe it was a fair trade. Privately though he had a nickname he wouldn't voice for Sesshomaru that incorporated every foul term in any language he knew and a few noises that just sounded right. It was a very good thing his brother couldn't read minds.<p>

For an answer Sesshomaru lifted a single grain of rice to his lips and ate it before moving on to tea. Oh yeah, that was the other fun thing. The man didn't actually eat human food like Inuyasha. So the whole wait for the lord thing was even more torture for his stomach. Which was probably why Inuyasha was having such a hard time not laughing at the barely hidden disgust at even eating a single grain of perfect white rice that was on Sesshomaru's face. Instead Inuyasha sighed and began the very long very strenuous task of eating politely.

Gods but he missed those days of shoveling ramen into his face on the battlefield.

Inuyasha blinked as the memory came to him in a rush while he looked over at Sesshomaru, actually going so far as to halt the movement of his sushi halfway to his mouth before a low chuckle erupted.

"Hey, Sesshomaru. Remember when you first started ettiquette with me?"

"How could I forget, little brother. I nearly sprained my wrist hitting you so often. A pity you behave now." Sesshomaru had gotten over his habit of speaking in third person while they were out in public. It did not mean things had changed at all when they were by themselves and every so often a whip would still make it's way near his ear. Inuyasha just chuckled and finished his sushi before grinning lazily. Sesshomaru never did allow anyone to cut his hair. Instead he'd taken to using an illusion that made it appear a light blonde and short. The one time Inuyasha had seen him with black hair when they had to appear like normal humans was during the early years of modern society. Sesshomaru had constantly growled about looking like Inuyasha's human self. Inuyasha had simply dyed his hair. Was a lot easier to do so and cut it, just hiding his eyes. Of course now it was fine-if a little rebellious-to have white hair.

"You are fidgeting, little brother. Cease before I stop you." It was no idle threat and caused Inuyasha to sigh.

"It's just..two more years and her journey begins. I can't even go to see her or.."

"She is a child."

"Doesn't matter. She's Kagome. She's my friend."

"You've had 'friends' enough over the years."

"Feh, and you've all but been a monk."

Sesshomaru moved one elegant eyebrow up and actually looked away from his paper while sipping his tea.

"Hardly."

Inuyasha was forced to admit that if anyone had suggested to him, or even Kagome, that in five hundred years he'd be casually talking with his older half brother and sipping tea he'd have hit them. After howling with laughter. Instead more then the time Sesshomaru was allowed to 'torture' him with training one thing had bonded the two together closer then twins. Time. They needed each other to have someone to push their limits with, someone who understood. Someone who wouldn't scream seeing a youkai.

The years had brought many things that despite Kagome's warnings they had figured themselves ready for. Hiroshima had been the warning Inuyasha had insisted they listen to. It was also the first night he saw Sesshomaru cry after Rin's death. It had numbed them both and made them realize that they were not elite races amongst the humans but rather truly endangered. They were caged.

Sesshomaru sought freedom in his business deals, ruthless in the boardroom to make up for the lack of killing. Not that he didn't also have a hand in assassinations but he'd never been good at taking orders from anyone. Inuyasha had Kagome to look forward to. It was curious watching time evolve and seeing how Kagome was very much a product of her time. Yet he always had to ask, how many would have kept going when their lives were in danger and they didn't HAVE to do the things she did?

Not many.

Well, a few. Mother Theresa had nothing on Kagome though. Kagome had ramen.

## 11. Yomi Yu Yu Hakusho

WD: Random crackfic for the lesser loved...Kag/Yomi

(( ))(( ))

"Oh! It's so clear out today..no clouds at all!" Kagome's sweet cheerful voice came out, giggling and making a pencil snap as the wielder lost concentration. Sighing Yomi leaned back, rummaging in his desk for a replacement before feeling along the indents in the paper for where he had been writing. He was trying to respond to a letter but his 'assistant' kept interrupting.

"Kagome, if you would please. I am in the midst of work."

"You are always working Yomi." Kagome giggled but he felt her leave, and heard the door close. Shaking his head he resumed work. Kagome had been a gift a few years ago from a co-worker who had left the girl who had no memory with him. Rather no willingness to talk about her memories. He had to guess at what she looked like. Originally with her temper and snapping attitudes to everyone that she was not a servant and she didn't know what they wanted from her he had pictured a shrewish scrawny woman with a face like congealed gruel.

He'd been rather disturbed to hear the gossip his many ears couldn't help but tune in to, that his hideous shrew of an assistant was apparently very attractive. The long legs, delicate features, stunning blue eyes -ah that was a color he missed..the sky, before the makai came into being- her curvy form usually clad in something indecent..so much like a young woman he'd desired in his youth centuries ago.

It really was disturbing to find yourself fantasizing about someone you thought was hideous. Finishing up his work in record time he made it to the kitchen to pick the locks just for old times sake and get an apple. He hadn't seen Kurama in a while and wondered what the kitsune would make of the assistant he was now so used to.

He heard the girl's stomping footsteps, so very loud to his thief trained ears right before she stopped in front of him. He could hear the pounding of her blood, making the goat demon twitch his ears in amusement. Something had her furious. Kagome furious tended to be painful to his auditory senses but ever so amusing. She blew up at the silliest things.

"What's this about you calling me ugly?"

Ah like that.

"Kagome. I can not see. Generally comes with being blind."

"Yeah well I heard you say to someone you thought I looked like moldy mud!"

Yomi couldn't help his chuckle. "Congealed gruel actually, due to the sharpness of your voice." Rarely was Yomi playful at all, he was a serious cold sort but well, Kagome just was too amusing. She was all the negative qualities in his old partners rolled into one soul. She was also right now making interesting choking sounds of indignation.

Suddenly the apple was flung out of his hand and something much softer, much warmer was in it's place. A delicate flutter under his fingers told him he was holding something close to her rapidly beating heart.

"Well does that feel hideous to you?!"

"Hm." Yomi couldn't help but play, he had been under the great youko Kurama after all and leaned down, nipping the delicate flesh and making her squeak and dart away. Smirking Yomi raised a brow.

"It's tolerable." Getting another apple Yomi left the room before she could start her tirades. She really was quite adorable in her own way. He wondered when he should tell her he'd seen her in the feudal era before he lost his sight and had an interest in her?..Ah but then he may not get such ..interesting...things to feel. Chuckling Yomi went back to work. Yes, Youko would be most jealous right now.

"AAHH! Yomi you JERK!"

Whistling the once thief closed his door, twirling Kagome's bra around his finger. "Well she did put it there."

## 12. Gentle

Sometimes when Kagome arrived home from the Feudal Era a glimpse of red fur would surprise her on the edge of the shrine. In time as the skittish creature became used to her presence she saw it more and more, until finally she recognized it as a fairly large fox. Not to be one to stand aside when she had decided on a new friend, Kagome would leave out little treats and watch from a distance as the kitsune slowly would sniff up, take one..dart back to eat it safely..and repeat.

Eventually it came so close she could feel the breathe from it's muzzle on her hand, and her wide blue eyes were shining in delight.

Not long after the dreams started.

It was normal for a mature young woman to have erotic dreams, but these had a similarity to them that made Kagome fidget. Perhaps she

had just been around Demons so long that she was creating the perfect one in her mind. The arrogance and power of Sesshomaru, the good looks of a fox like her son and the sly behavior of Miroku, the determination to never back down and the snarly temperament of possession and refusing to admit wrong of Inuyasha...

She created a dream Kitsune of Nine tails to be able to withstand her Miko powers. In her dreams he plagued her mind and body with wicked temptations that left her waking with pleasure still coursing through her and a light sheen of sweat. Eventually the dreams started to follow her whenever she was in her own time.

It made seeing any male demon or human impossible as a potential. Every one of them paled to her dark temptation, that despite the bloody snarl she knew he would be capable of -every demon was ruthless at points when that powerful- he was always gentle.

Claws that would run through her hair or across her hips ever so lightly that it made her shiver. Lips that moved over her throat and a gentle lick across her shoulders. There was no kissing, that was a human affection. There were tail sweeps along exposed skin, growls from his chest against her back, and the always vibrant red eyes that stared at her as if she was utterly his possession.

That too she knew was a demon thing. Look at Sesshomaru with the swords, Inuyasha with the jewel or Kikyou, the list went on and on..a demon only got that look with something that meant more than life to them and they would never give up chasing.

To have that directed at her...was thrilling.

Kagome lost her heart to this dream kitsune of hers that never said a word. Perhaps it was best that way..she was all but ready to give him her soul and cry that he was not real.

As a miko went about her business one morning, from the seclusion of the nearby bushes a red fox twitched his tail..and watched. Here he could not show himself and had only the smallest powers..but he had finally found a way to channel energy before being used to project into the Miko's dreams to change the destination of the Well.

Soon, Kyuubi would return to his world..and claim his miko in the waking world then and teach her just how gentle a possessive youkai could be to their chosen.

End  
file.